

## Vestal Wedding Customs

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Category: Bakugan Battle Brawlers  
Genre: Humor, Romance  
Language: English  
Characters: Gus G., Keith C., Mira  
Pairings: Keith C./Gus G.  
Status: Completed  
Published: 2016-04-13 02:21:28  
Updated: 2016-04-13 02:21:28  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:58:53  
Rating: T  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 5,565  
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Keith and Gus are getting married. Mira is planning the wedding. And as they get closer and closer to D-Day, Keith wonders if they shouldn't have just eloped. Keith/Gus, some Dan/Shun. Mostly Rom Com tropes and fluff. Technically a follow-up to 'Incinerate'.

## Vestal Wedding Customs

**\*\*Author's Note:\*\*** After a month in the making, I present to you: Vestal Wedding Customs, my very long, very cute, Keith/Gus oneshot about the days leading up to their wedding and the wedding itself. Rated T for some innuendo.

Enjoy! And remember to leave a review if you liked it.

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><p><strong>Vestal Wedding Customs<strong>

Keith woke up on a perfectly normal day to his favourite sight â€" Gus. This morning, it was Gus, asleep in their bed, half sprawled atop Keith. His blue hair surrounding him like a halo. Keith smiled, letting his eyes trail down Gus' bare back to his hips, where the blanket pooled and covered the rest of his body.

Trying not to make any noise, Keith slid out of bed and pulled on a pair of sweatpants before padding into the kitchen of the apartment. Mira was there, sipping coffee. She was visiting from Earth â€" though Keith wasn't sure if it counted as visiting when she usually lived here anyway.

She'd come to plan his and Gus' â€" his fiancÃ©'s â€" wedding. Which was taking place in less than a month. A bit down to the wire, Mira had said, but Keith hadn't understood why. It was a wedding. How

hard could it be to plan a wedding in a month?

"Morning," said Keith. He poured himself a cup of coffee and leaned over Mira's shoulder to read her tablet. He saw wedding cakes and quirked an eyebrow. "Cakes?"

"You have to order them at least two weeks in advance," said Mira. She scrolled through the cakes. "I've been trying to find a nice autumn themed one."

Keith sat down on the bar stool next to her. "Autumn?"

"Red and orange? Your colours?" said Mira. She shook her head. "Honestly, Keith. I thought you'd know that."

Keith smiled and plucked the tablet from her hands. "You know I'm a Darkus battler now, right?" he asked.

Mira gave him a flat look. "Don't ask me to coordinate purple and orange, Keith. Just don't."

"Isn't there an Earth holiday for that?" came a sleepy voice. Keith lifted his head to see Gus standing in the entrance to the shared living-kitchen-dining area. He was wearing black sweatpants and one of Keith's shirts, which was roughly two sizes too big for him. It was a good look.

"Morning, love," said Keith.

Gus smiled. "Morning. Coffee?"

Keith nodded to the pot and Gus hummed sleepily, shuffling over to it. He poured himself a cup and Keith let his eyes roam over Gus. He really did love seeing the man in his clothes. It was one of his favourite things.

Most things to do with Gus were his favourite things.

That was probably why he was marrying the guy, come to think of it.

"If you two are going to stare lovingly at each other, I'm leaving," said Mira. She stole back her tablet and went back to studying pictures of extravagant and completely unnecessary cakes.

"You are the one who chose to live with us, Mira," said Keith. He sipped his coffee. "Besides, we've kept everything else to a minimum while you're here. At least let us have this."

Mira rolled her eyes. "At least?" she echoed. "You know, I heard you two last night."

"You did?" asked Gus. The tips of his ears, just barely visible behind his hair, turned red. Keith couldn't help the small smirk that spread across his face.

Mira nodded, her lips pressed together as she studied the cakes. "Gus, anyway. Didn't hear you, Keith, so it wasn't quite as traumatizing."

"By the stars," muttered Gus, his head in his hands. His coffee sat forgotten on the counter.

Keith just laughed. "It was your choice to live here with us, Mira," he repeated. He took another sip of his coffee. "Really, you can only blame yourself."

"I'll keep that in mind," said Mira, drily. "Now, let's pick out a cake. Gus, you like buttercream, don't you?" Gus nodded, not lifting his face from his hands. "Perfect. We'll go cake sampling later today."

"I was going to work on Helios," said Keith. At Mira's look, he sighed. "All right, all right. I'm going to regret this wedding, aren't I?"

That got Gus' attention. "Hey!" he protested, lifting his head.

"Not proposing to you, love," said Keith. "But deciding on a wedding instead of eloping like I first thought."

Gus offered Mira a sympathetic look. "I think a wedding sounds \_great\_," he said.

"See? Someone around here has taste," said Mira, sticking her tongue out at Keith. Keith only sighed. He couldn't be too mad. They were his family, after all, and he loved them dearly.

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><p>Cake sampling took most of the day, if only because Keith kept alternating between eating the cake samples and stuffing them in Gus' face. The worker at the store had been amused, though Mira had seemed a little long suffering, and they walked out after placing an order for a nice red velvet cake with a buttercream filling.<p>

"Why did we order such a large cake?" asked Keith, one arm around Gus' waist as they walked down the street.

"I'm planning on about a hundred guests," said Mira. "We've got to be prepared."

Keith made a face. "A hundred? Do I even know a hundred people?"

"Well, there's the Brawlers," said Mira. "And there's over two dozen of them now, we should invite them all. Plus there's Baron's family. We can't invite Baron without his family."

"I'd argue we can," said Keith. Gus laughed.

"That doesn't sound like a hundred, though," said Gus.

Mira sighed. "So, we might end up with fifty." She shrugged, looking oddly frustrated. "I just want this to be perfect for you two."

Keith offered her a warm smile. "Whatever you come up with will be perfect, Mira."

"Thank you," said Mira, perking up. "Now, I was thinking about what you two would wearâ€|"

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><p>The next few days were passed with Keith's regular routine â€" he worked with Helios on fine-tuning the new cybernetic Bakugan enhancements, helped the Vestal branch of Mira's company work on some inventions, and cleverly avoided having to do any sort of work on his wedding.<p>

That was best left to Gus and Mira, who seemed to be bonding over picking out colour schemes and sending out invitations. Although, they had tried to involve him a few times. Largely for picking out suits for him and Gus. The problem there, however, was that Keith though Gus looked good in everything. And nothing. Mostly nothing. Which had gotten some indignant sputters from Gus and a groan from Mira.

"What do you think, Helios?" asked Keith as he finished uploading the new code. "Do you feel any stronger?"

"Much," said Helios. "I look forward to our next battle."

Keith nodded and leaned back in his desk chair, eyeing the container he kept Helios' ball form in during the upgrades. "Hopefully I can arrange one soon," said Keith. He sighed. "But with all this wedding planning, I don't know if we'll have time. I know Vulcan would love a rematch, though."

"And I as well," said Helios. "Vulcan gets stronger with every battle." Keith hummed in response, rubbing his hands through his hair.

There were a few moments of silence as Keith spun around the upgrades to the ability cards in his head, trying to sort out how they'd affect Helios' newest changes.

"Are you not excited for your own wedding?" asked Helios.

Keith hummed again and opened his eyes. He looked at Helios with a slight frown. "Excited for my wedding?" he echoed. "Of course. I just wish it didn't have to be such a big affair."

"Marriage is a big affair," said Helios. He hopped out of the container and onto Keith's shoulder. "Don't you want the world to know how you feel about Gus?"

"Not really," admitted Keith. He stood and headed out of his lab, tucked into the basement of Mira's tech company, and headed for the back door. "I'm perfectly fine with everyone seeing us together, but what I have with Gusâ€|" Keith shook his head. "I don't want to share it."

Helios chuckled.

"What's so funny?" asked Keith.

"Nothing," said Helios. Keith sighed and ducked down another side hall, effectively avoiding the handful of workers still around at

this time of night. "Once, you would have reveled in the chance to be in front of a crowd, showing off something you were proud of," said Helios. "Now, you only want to share it with him."

Keith hummed. "Is that such a bad thing?"

"No," said Helios. "But it's different from who you were when we first met."

"And yet you're still here," said Keith. He pushed open the back door in the building and headed out into the parking lot, tugging up his collar against the cold night air.

Helios hopped closer to his neck to hide from the wind. "You're better like this," said Helios. "We all are."

"That is the hope," murmured Keith. He stuffed his hands in his pockets and headed for home.

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><p>Two weeks before the wedding, Keith woke up to an empty bed. He couldn't quite hide his disappointment. He prided himself on waking up before Gus, if only because he loved watching the other man sleep.<p>

But then, he had gotten in late last night. Late enough that Gus had already been asleep. Late enough that Gus had stirred sleepily when Keith had climbed into bed, murmuring "Keith?", and Keith had drawn him in for a lingering, sleepy kiss before going to bed.

Keith wandered out into the shared living space, squinting against the light, and found Gus cooking breakfast and Mira sitting at counter with her tablet.

"What do you think â€" green ties?" asked Mira.

"I like red," said Gus. "And purple."

"Of course you do," said Mira, sighing. "Red it is. That fits with my colour scheme at least."

Keith smiled, fond. He leaned against the hallway wall leading into the living space and watched the two talk for a minute. When Gus turned to set down a plate, he smiled at Keith, obviously catching sight of him.

"Morning," said Gus, his voice tinged with a fond level of confusion. "Have you been waiting for something?" His brow furrowed in a way Keith could only describe as adorable.

With a shake of his head, Keith stepped into the space and smiled. "No. Justâ€| enjoying the peace, I suppose."

Gus shook his head, a bright smile splitting his face. "Breakfast?" he asked. Keith nodded and crossed the room. Gus turned back to the stove to keep making fried toast. Chuckling softly, Keith slipped up behind Gus and wrapped his arms around Gus' waist, pressing his chin to Gus' shoulder.

"Someone's happy," quipped Mira.

Keith hummed and nuzzled Gus' neck. "Content, more like," he murmured against Gus' skin. Gus laughed, shaking them both.

"Oh, I wanted to ask," said Mira. Keith raised his head and turned it slightly to face Mira. "Did you ever ask Dan to be your best man?"

He thought about it for a minute, silent.

With a sigh, Mira narrowed her eyes. "Keith."

"No," said Keith slowly. "I think I forgot."

Mira gave another long suffering sigh. "I'll make a phone call." She got up and headed to her bedroom, no doubt to call the brawlers on Earth.

Keith hummed, pressing a kiss to Gus' neck and nipping lightly at the spot.

"Keith, I'm cooking," murmured Gus.

"I know," said Keith. He nipped again. "So turn off the stove for a second."

Snapping the shared element off, Gus turned in Keith's arms and wound his own around Keith's neck. A soft laugh slipped between the two as Keith nudged them away from the stove and pressed Gus back into the counter. Gus' fingers tangled in Keith's hair as they leaned in, trading kisses and soft laughter. Then, Keith deepened the kiss, prompting a groan from Gus.

They pressed back deeper into the counter, mouths open against each other's and bodies growing flush with want.

"Really? The kitchen?" Mira's exasperated voice made them part. Gus blinked up at Keith, his cheeks flushed and his lips kiss swollen. For a moment, Keith debated kicking Mira out of the house for an hour. Or two. Or maybe the entire day.

"You know, I do eat in here," said Mira.

Keith hummed. "And I'd been hoping to, until you interrupted." Gus went scarlet and Mira groaned.

"Seriously?" asked Mira. Keith pulled away from Gus and grinned at her, well aware of the flush that crept up his neck. She groaned again and put a hand on her face.

"Wilda, Vulcan, Helios, come on," said Mira, holding out her arm so the three could hop up. "We're going to go visit Ace." She shot a look at Keith. "At least there we won't walk in on anything inappropriate."

"Sounds good to me," said Wilda.

Helios snorted. "Trust me. You haven't seen anything yet, Mira."

Giving a long suffering look at Keith, Mira said, "And I hope I never do." She tucked her tablet under one arm, stuffed her feet in her shoes, and was gone.

With a sly smile, Keith turned his attention back to Gus. "Now, where were we?" he asked, sliding his arms around Gus.

Needless to say, it was awhile before breakfast was finished.

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><p>Keith awoke with a gasp, nightmarish images flashing behind his eyes and choking his breath. He tried to calm his breathing and his shaking, but the images were too much. Gus, falling. New Vestroia, falling. Screaming, shouting. Death. Pain. And he, a phantom in its midst.<p>

"Keith?" Gus' sleepy voice next to him. He focused on that. On the warmth of Gus against his side, on the smell of lavender in Gus' hair. He buried in face in that hair, let the blue and lavender wash out all other sensation. Tried to stop shaking.

"It's all right," murmured Gus, stroking his hair. "You're all right." It had been months since he'd had a nightmare, even longer since it was focused so closely on the man next to him.

He swallowed hard and tried not to think about it.

"Gus?" asked Keith, his voice a hoarse croak. "Do youâ€|" He swallowed and licked his lips. "Do you love me?"

Gus lifted his head from Keith's shoulder and frowned at him. "Of course," he said, brow furrowed.

Keith swallowed again, voice shaking. Tried not to look too closely at Gus. "And you're not just here because you still feel obligated?"

Gus was silent. Frozen. Keith tensed. \_Oh.\_

Then Gus was swinging up onto him and straddling his hips. And Gus planted his hands on Keith's chest to hold Keith down. Shaken as he was, Keith couldn't even appreciate the long, pale line of Gus' body, still naked from their earlier trysts.

"You're not the man you were when I met you, Keith," said Gus. "You've changed, we all have â€" for the better, I like to think." Gus pressed his lips together and leaned forward a bit. His hair cascaded over his shoulders and temporarily covered his face. "You're notâ€|" He sighed.

One of his hands gently carded up and down Keith's chest, nails catching the taut muscle from time to time. It grounded Keith.

"Gus."

"No," said Gus, sharply. "Listen to me. You're not like Masquerade, you didn't get hit with some evil beam and become Spectra, I know

that. For a long time, Spectra was who you were. But that's not who you are now." His brow furrowed as he frowned. "When I met you, you were a phantom and saviour, all at once." He smiled at Keith, eyes soft. "And while I didn't always believe in what we did, I believed in you."

"Oh," said Keith.

"But," said Gus. "As things started getting worse, I started to worry. I started to think I should walk away." His smile widened a bit. "Do you know why I didn't?"

Keith shook his head.

"Do you remember the first time you took off your mask for me â€" not around me, but for me?" asked Gus. He carded his fingers down Keith's chest again.

"I do," said Keith. It wasn't long after Gus and Keith had reunited and Gus had told him that Prince Hydron was after him and so was Mylene. Gus had been terrified of what would happen to the two of them, but still willing to fight alongside him until the end.

"I thought we were going to die," murmured Gus. His nails scrapped Keith's chest lightly. "And you took off your mask and told me you'd never let anyone take me away. That was when I knew I was in love with you and not the phantom you'd become."

Keith blinked. "I don't understand."

Gus smiled. "I felt obliged to you. Obligated to fight alongside you. But I never loved you when you were simply a phantom. It was only when you started to become a person again â€" when you began to care about other people, about Helios, about me, that I began to fall in love with you."

"Gus," said Keith, his voice soft.

"So you see, Keith," said Gus, his voice a little hoarse. "If you were the man you were when I met you, I never would have fallen in love with you. And that's why I'm still here." He leaned forward, both hands sliding up to card through Keith's hair. "Because you're a person, and an amazing one at that."

"Thank you, Gus," said Keith, and he drew Gus in for a kiss.

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><p>Three days before the wedding, a handful of the Earth brawlers appeared to help set-up, including Dan and Shun, and that was when the real circus began.<p>

Suit adjustments, last minute changes, and making sure the cake was going to be ready. Then there were placement rehearsals, speeches to go over, and the reception hall to double check. Mira had booked a proper DJ for the reception, but the photographer had skipped out on the wedding.

"I used to do professional photography," offered Julie when that came up. Mira threw her arms around Julie and hugged her tight.



"Thank the stars," said Mira. "Let's find a camera and see what you can do."

Keith mostly watched on, a little bit terrified with the amount of work that went into this last part of the wedding.

Then, the night before the wedding, after rehearsals and placement practices were over, he ended up on the balcony of the apartment with Dan.

"How're you feeling?" asked Dan, leaning against the railing and looking up at the sky. With the city lights, there were only a few stars, but they seemed to hold Dan's attention just as well as the New Vestroia sky once had. "Big day tomorrow."

"I think I'm in shock," admitted Keith. He sipped from his drink. "We've been planning this for the entire month and—" He sighed. "I suppose it didn't seem real until now."

Dan nodded. "Yeah, I can get why. Mira's intense like this."

They both lapsed into a comfortable silence.

After a few minutes, Dan said, "You know, I don't think I've actually said this yet, but I'm happy for you and Gus. You two have been through everything with each other. It's good to know you'll always be together. Love like that? It's hard to come by."

"You speaking from experience?" asked Keith, a light tease to his tone. Dan went scarlet, ducking his head and looking away from Keith.

"Uh—yeah," he said, softly, and Keith caught the small smile that adorned Dan's face when he said that.

"How long has that been going on?" asked Keith.

Dan coughed, still looking awkward. "Couple of months? I mean, it's not like Shun and I are hiding."

"You just haven't gotten around to telling every single Brawler," said Keith.

Dan nodded. "Y-yeah. That's about right."

Keith chuckled and Dan shot him a look with narrowed eyes and pursed lips.

"What's so funny?" asked Dan.

Keith shook his head, but his smile was fond. "You and I really are disgustingly alike," said Keith, staring out at the cityscape. "Both of us once performers, now hiding the most precious part of our lives from the world. And not for any particular reason other than we don't want to share it."

He saw Dan nod out of the corner of his eye. "Yeah. I get that." Dan stared out at the cityscape too. "I mean, Runo and Mira know, and so does Julie. And I think Alice knows." Dan shrugged. "It's not like

we're not telling people. It's just thatâ€¦" He sighed. "I guess much didn't change?"

"You sound disappointed," noted Keith, tilting his head.

"I'm not?" guessed Dan. "I mean, I sort of am. But I guess Shun and I were reallyâ€¦ tactile? I guess? Before we got together. So it makes sense that not much has changed." He was silent for a minute. "I guess I just expectedâ€¦ more."

Keith hummed. "Tell me, did people know you liked men before you started dating Shun?"

Dan gave him a funny look. "No."

"And did people know Shun did?"

"Yeah, Shun's been out for like, three or four years," said Dan.

Keith tilted his head again. "Perhaps it's not that Shun doesn't want to change your relationship, but rather, that he is worried about pushing you too far. If you only dated women or showed attraction toward them in the past, do you not think Shun would worry about boundaries?"

Dan was silent for a minute. Then, "Yeah, thatâ€¦ that makes a lot of sense, actually." He sighed. "I should probably talk to him."

"The sooner the better," said Keith, drily. "I have to wonder if he hasn't had the same conversation, in reverse, with Gus."

Dan laughed. "They are weirdly good friends. You know, despite Shun trying to kill him that one time."

"To be fair, he forgave me, and I tried to kill you half a dozen times," said Keith. They both laughed. Keith leaned back from the railing. "I should sleep. I do have a wedding tomorrow."

Dan gave him a two fingered salute. "Night, man. Sweet dreams."

"And you as well, Dan."

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><p>Keith awoke the day of his wedding to his favourite sight â€¦ Gus. A sleeping, smiling Gus, curled up against his side, with his head on Keith's shoulder. With a soft smile, Keith stroked Gus' hair, eyes fond and chest a little tight with how much <em>love</em> he felt for this man.

After a few minutes, Gus stirred and lifted his head.

"Morning," he mumbled, blinking his eyes sleepily.

Keith's smile widened a bit, still soft. "Morning," he said back, voice quiet. "We're getting married today."

Gus smiled and nuzzled against Keith's neck, humming softly. "Yes, we are," he said.

Keith drew Gus in for a kiss and Gus climbed on top of Keith. Gus curled his fingers into Keith's hair and Keith ran his hands down Gus' back until they settled on his hips. They traded lazy, smiling kisses while they whispered soft words to each other.

"Pardon the interruption," came Vulcan's voice. "But you two were supposed to be up fifteen minutes ago."

"I mean, we are up," murmured Keith, twitching his hips.

Gus snorted. "I don't think that's what he meant," he said. He climbed off Keith, his hair cascading like a curtain over his shoulders. Keith propped himself up on his elbows, letting his eyes roam over Gus' body as Gus got dressed. After a minute, Gus turned and cocked an eyebrow at Keith.

A pair of pants smacked into Keith's face.

"Hey!" he said, laughing.

Gus smirked at him, leaning against the closet doors. "Get dressed. We're supposed to get brunch today."

Keith rolled his eyes and peeled himself out of bed. "All right, all right," he said with a sigh. He ducked close to Gus and pressed one last lingering kiss to his lips. When they pulled back, Gus smiled at him and then shoved a shirt at his chest.

"Clothes," said Gus. Keith sighed.

"Fine, fine," he said.

\* \* \*

><p>"No, absolutely not," said Mira, vehemently waving her fork full of home fries.<p>

Keith sighed and cut up the sausage and eggs on his plate. "But Mira, I'm a brawler, not a dancer."

"You are not changing your first dance with Gus into your first Bakugan brawl as a married couple," said Mira. One of the bits of potato flew off her fork and landed on Julie's plate. Julie shrugged and ate it. "I refuse to let you ruin a reception with battling!"

Keith sighed again. "Gus, please, back me up here."

"I'm afraid I agree with Mira," said Gus. "Besides, you are a lovely dancer. Why not enjoy that?"

With a shake of his head, Keith took a bite of his brunch. "I swear, I'm not allowed to contribute to my own wedding."

Mira gave him a flat look. "Your only contributions have been this, wanting to put pyrotechnics in your suit, and making Helios your best man."

"Hey!" protested Dan. Shun snickered, one hand over his mouth to

stifle it.

"I still think pyrotechnic suits would have been fantastic," muttered Keith.

Gus patted his shoulder sympathetically. "No, no they wouldn't have," he said.

Keith sighed again.

\* \* \*

><p>The fear hit him ten minutes before he was supposed to be at the altar. Keith had been adjusting his hair â€" he'd cut it, recently, so that it wasn't so ridiculous â€" and the panic had hit him in the gut. He doubled over, grabbing at the sink, and let loose a terrified gasp.<p>

A thousand 'what ifs' slammed through his mind all at once and he curled into the corner of the bathroom, perfectly silent but for his ragged breathing.

Shun found him a couple minutes later. He opened the door, took one look at Keith, and stepped in. Closing the door, Shun sat down across from Keith in his suit and waited.

"Cold feet?" guessed Shun.

Keith swallowed. "I think so," he murmured.

Shun nodded. "It happens, but believe me â€" it's never as bad as you think."

"How would you know?" asked Keith into his knees.

"I was in love with my best friend for four years before he told me how he felt," said Shun drily. "I think I know something about imagining worst case scenarios."

Keith was silent for a minute, then he nodded. "Fair enough," he murmured. "Sorry."

Shun shrugged. They were silent for another minute. Shun checked his watch.

"You need to get out there," said Shun. "I wish I could be more help, but you and I both know that whatever fears you have about this marriage, Gus can solve them better than I can." Keith nodded. "Besides," Shun added. "You two have been through everything together. After all that, what's marriage?"

Keith chuckled, soft. "You're right." He stood up, and Shun followed suit. Together, they headed to the altar.

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><p>Keith smiled at Gus as he began his vows. "You made me a person again. You helped me realize that power wasn't the most important thing in the world. That I could be powerful without giving up everything else. That I could love, and live, like anyone else," said

Keith. "Without your help, I wouldn't be the man I am today, Gus."<p>

Gus laughed, softly, at his words. "You showed me what it meant to believe in someone. And what it meant to question that belief when they went too far. We've always been a team, and I've always known you would make the right choice." Gus grinned at him, eyes alight. "And this? This is the best choice you've ever made."

In the background, Baron was crying. As the wedding finished, Keith drew Gus into a lingering, loving kiss. And then they were married.

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><p>The reception was the best part of any wedding, Keith thought, as he stuffed cake in Gus' face and Gus did the same to him. They laughed, drawing each other in for another kiss as Julie took pictures in the background. Baron was still crying. At this point, it was just background noise.<p>

When the cake was finished and the food was eaten, toasts began. Starting with Dan and Shun's, as Keith and Gus' respective best men.

"These two are some of the strangest people I've ever met," started Dan. "And you know what? That works for them. They've been through everything together. They've fought alongside one another. Heck, they helped save the world together." Dan grinned. "After that? What's marriage?"

Everyone laughed.

Dan held up his glass. "To the grooms!"

"To the grooms!" said everyone. Then, it was Shun's turn.

"I don't trust easily," said Shun. "Everyone who knows me knows that. And I didn't trust either one of you for the longest time because of what you'd done." Keith raised an eyebrow. Where was Shun going with this?

"But," continued Shun. "You two have proven to me, over and over, that your past doesn't make you who you are. You two deserve to be happy, and I can't think of two people more well-suited for each other." He smiled at Keith and Gus, a soft thing that wrinkled the corners of his eyes. "Congratulations you two. May you always be satisfied."

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><p>Not long after that, it was time for the first dance.<p>

Keith led Gus around the dance floor in a slow, smooth dance. Gus rested his cheek on Keith's shoulder and Keith rested his on Gus' hair, which was pulled back today.

"This is nice," murmured Gus.

"It is," agreed Keith. "I can't help but feel it's missing something

though."

Gus raised his head off Keith's shoulder to narrow his eyes. "Don't you dare," said Gus.

Keith grinned, twirled Gus away, and struck a pose just as the song changed to something much more upbeat.

"Dan Kuso!" said Keith, pointing to Dan and Shun, who were sitting down. "I challenge you to a dance off!"

Dan grinned and leaped to his feet. "Bring it on, blondie."

Keith caught Gus and Shun sharing a long suffering look from across the dance floor and grinned.

As the song kicked up, Dan and Keith danced around each other, each pulling off more and more complex moves. Dan's dancing involved a lot of flips and exploitation of his flexibility, and Keith kept mostly to traditional Vestal dances. Lots of hip swinging and arm movement and darting around his competition.

As the song wound down, both of them panting, he saw Dan grin.

Shun crossed the dancefloor as the next song kicked up, taking Dan's hand and spinning him around. Keith laughed and gestured to Gus, who joined him as well. The four men spun around and around each other, breathless with laughter as they pulled more and more ridiculous stunts in some half-baked attempt at beating the other at dancing.

But the longer they danced, the less it became about winning, and the more it became about the enjoyment of the movement. Others joined them on the dancefloor, and Keith kept trading off dance partners in rhythm with the song. He went from Gus to Alice to Julie to Baron, and even Shun, at the end. Who smirked at him before twirling himself back to Dan.

And after so many dances without Gus, Keith found himself face to face with his husband " \_his husband\_, he'd never get sick of saying that " and they danced again, smiling so hard it hurt.

"This has been the best day of my life," said Keith.

Gus smiled at him. "So you're glad we didn't elope?" he asked.

Keith laughed, the sound warm and loud and so unlike the laughter he'd had the first time he met Gus. He drew Gus close, pressing their foreheads together as they swayed in time with the slow music.

"Very," said Keith. "I wouldn't change this for the world."

"Neither would I," agreed Gus, and as the song reached its crescendo, the two men kissed. And they stayed like that for a minute, wrapped up in each other on the centre of the dance floor. The only thing in each other's world that mattered.

They were together. They were whole. And they were happy. And Keith

wouldn't have changed that for all the power in the world.

End  
file.